

OVAN

Chinook, Alberta. Thursday, July 23rd 1942

WHEAT POOLS REDUCE "STREET" SPREAD

The Western Wheat Pools decided at an interprovincial conference, held in Calgary on July 16th and 17th, to reduce by 1-2c a bushel the spread in the handling of "street" wheat delivered to the Wheat Board through Pool elevators for the ensuing crop year. This means that the "street" spread in Board wheat handled by the Pools will be eliminated and farmers who deliver on that basis will receive the carlot price and benefit by 1-2c a bushel as compared with last year's charges. The Wheat Board has been advised accordingly.

This decision was reached because of special conditions which are certain to prevail in the marketing of the 1942 wheat crop. The present arrangement with the Wheat Board provides that a producer must deliver 750 bushels in order to qualify for carlot price. However, it is probable that the first quota will be five bushels to the acre and many farmers will not have sufficient allotment to deliver 750 bushels, even although they may have substantial quantities of wheat in farm storage.

The Wheat Pools have taken the leadership in this matter just as they have in virtually every proposal to aid western agriculture in the past.

Patronize

ALBERTA POOL ELEVATORS

ALBERTA POOL ELEVATORS

MOOSE JAW, Sask., July 16 (CP)—Approval has been given by the British American Oil Company Limited to convert a of the existing equipment at the Moose Jaw B. A. refinery for, the manufacture of aviation gasoline, W. K. Whiteford, executive vice-president, announced to-day.

The development has been approved by the office Company.

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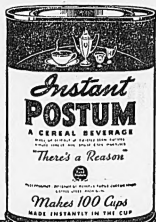
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8 oz. size makes 100 cups.



"ALL THAT GLITTERS"

—By—
ANNE TEDLOCK BROOKS

CHAPTER XXXI.

Ransome Todd's heart gave a great leap and continued beating jerkily as he watched the slender girl mount the steps to enter the airliner. He had known Tamar if she were wearing a mask instead of those dark glasses, he thought happily.

He stole a quick glance about the group assembled at the gate. No one accompanied Tamar to the entrance. There was a quick racing of the motor, the engine roared and the great silver ship was off down the runway. He caught a glimpse of a white face pressed against a window and the lift of a slender white hand. She had seen him then.

Ranny moved out of the dimming throng and went into the terminal building. He had come to check with the men in the control tower the number of transient ships, hoping to find some clue for the plane that had carried Tamar away. There had been a call from Taylor today, telling of a reservation that had been made and the ticket sent out by a private pilot to an inn.

The FBI man had been checking with the airfields on transients and reservations. He had played a hunch that the kidnapper was using his plane to make his contact with Knox Randolph for the ransom, and in all likelihood would see that Tamar returned by plane.

The records in the police files showed only three Louises of all those investigated who had private flying licenses. That narrowed the number down considerably. Of course, the man would be using an alias, though, and throw them off the track.

The reservation had been made for a Mrs. Arthur James. Nothing unusual about the name, and until Ranny saw Tamar he had thought it might be only a very thin thread of a pattern they were trying to weave together to make a complete design.

He stopped at the public telephone and put in a call for Shadwell. The first thing he must do was to let Tamar's father know that she was safely on board the plane bound for Atlanta.

The long-distance operator said the line was busy and he had to wait for a moment. He saw a girl in the next booth talking earnestly into the telephone. He guessed that she was sending a wire as he watched her read from a paper. She was small and pretty with blonde curls framing her oval face.

Even through the glass he could see that she seemed nervous. She hurried out of the door and across the lobby. Ranny's call was put through and he had Knox Randolph on the wire. "I have just seen Tamar enter an airliner for Atlanta," he said in a shaking voice.

"Yes," said Randolph. "Tamar told the hostess who she is and the radio operator called the local police. I just had the message. I'm making the plane at Atlanta. Dick is flying me up."

"I'll be on hand, too," Rann shouted.

You GIRLS WHO SUFFER DYSMENORRHEA

If you suffer monthly cramps, backache, distress of "irregularities," nervousness—due to functional monthly disturbances—try Dr. E. F. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound tablets (with directions). Made especially for women. They also help build up red blood. Made in Canada.

Two hours later the airliner with Tamar on board was set down on the ribbon of concrete at the Atlanta field. The gates were thronged with reporters and bystanders who gave a wild cheer as Tamar appeared in the doorway of the plane.

Police stood by, hands on holsters. Tamar was so weak with sheer nervous exhaustion that her feet crumpled and refused to move as she took the first step.

Strong arms gathered her up. "Tamar!" A vice-like grip pulled her to a rough tweed-clad chest and giant strides carried her past the curious.

Tamar laughed to keep from crying. It was heavenly to be with Dad and Ranny. And good old Dick Sheridan in the front seat with the driver.

"Where are we going?" she managed presently. "I'm taking you to a hotel. You're going to get about 12 hours sleep before you go back home."

"Oh, but, Dad, please don't. I want to get back to Shadwell. I've never wanted to see home so badly in all my life as I have the last two days. Let's go home, Dad."

"Are you flying back with me, Rann?" Dick asked, turning in the seat. "It's not for me to talk back by plane." Ranny looked at Tamar. He had held her briefly in his arms, and in that short moment knew that he would never be happy if he could not always have her.

News travels fast! Ranny thought as they pulled up before a small restaurant. He had decided that he had more work to do before he could go back to Tahlaneka. For one thing, he must go and telephone the office at Tahlaneka. Randolph had barely had time to say that a wire had come from Atlanta just as he left the house stating that Tamar was on the transport. The wire was being traced as he left. Perhaps Taylor would have some definite news about it.

Tamar drank hot coffee and ate a thin sandwich. "It's good, but I'm too excited to eat," she said. "May I call Phoebe and have her get dinner?"

In another moment she could hear the sound of Phoebe's warm voice ejaculating and sobbing with joy. Tamar could see her there in the wide old hall with its walnut paneling, her feet spread and head wagging in its bright red kerchief. Aristotle would be scratching his back on the open kitchen door and grinning with delight.

"We'll be home for dinner, Phoebe!"

"Ah! knowed it. Honey, Ah's so happy mah black hands is playing Hallelujah on de sides of my kettles. De whole house am a singin', Chile, we is waitin'!"

Tamar's blue eyes glistened with tears and the color had started back on her pale cheeks. Ranny had studied her closely all of the way into town. He must get them started before the reporters got to her. She was in no condition to talk about her experience just now.

He had chartered a private plane and flown down to Atlanta, getting there just before the airliner landed. He had counted on its stops giving him time to beat it to the field. His pilot was still waiting, in case he wanted to go back to the first field.

A few minutes later they were all on their way again. Ranny called on Taylor, who asked him to come on at once to Tahlaneka, flying down with Richard.

Tamar's dark head nodded on her father's shoulder as they left Atlanta. The driver of the rented car kept the speed down until they left the traffic. He began to open it up now and they were speeding toward Tahlaneka and Shadwell.

Tamar looked up once to find her father's eyes upon her, anxiety written on his face. She could see the marks of sleeplessness and the fine lines etched on his brow. The gray above his temples was spreading fast now, and these past few days had not done him any good.

"Dad, I'm so sorry that you worried about me."

"Let's not mention it for a while, Tamar. I'm so thankful to have you back safely."

"Did you pay ransom?" Randolph smiled. "You won't be put off, I can see. I'd have given everything I owned or ever hope to own to keep on hair of your dear head unharmed. It was not that costly. In fact, the abductor was very lenient. I put a hundred thousand in bills of large denominations in a metal strong box and placed it in the hollow of the shaft at the saddle horses' graves. Tahlaneka, I, you know."

"Was it removed?" Tamar asked, her eyes wide. Some one who had known the estate of Shadwell had suggested that place! Who in the world would know that there was a hollow in the base of the tall white shaft? And why, of all places, would any one risk coming to Shadwell for the ransom?

"Yes, the money was removed some time during the night or early morning. I went down to the cemetery the first thing this morning, after daylight. It was gone. Tamar, some one knew that shaft was hollow."

"It couldn't have been Louie, Dad. Why, he was a stranger here, I know. He simply couldn't have known such a detail as that." Knox Randolph shook his head. "I hardly think, though, that he would trust any one else with the money. I drove into Atlanta yesterday to get it ready."

Tamar was silent. Louie could not have taken the money from Tahlaneka. It's shaft because at that time he was sound asleep in the cabin at the foot of the mountain where she was held captive. He had an accomplice. Now there were three mixed up in it. Therese, Louie and some one who knew Shadwell.

Taylor was waiting for them at Shadwell. Dick's plane had landed sooner, and Ranny and he had already talked with the investigator.

Tamar looked hungrily about the terraces and the open vista that stretched down toward the Chestnests. It was late afternoon and shadows of the great trees were already darkening the rolling land.

The confusion of waddling geese, clacking guineas and the sight of waiting police threw Tamar into a nervous tension once more. She wanted to get up to her room and close her door and lie on her big four-poster bed.

She wanted to see the movement of the sheer white curtains blowing in and out of the casements and watch the hands of her clock creep slowly about its funny old face—the clock that he watched the first Tamar Randolph in this same room for so many years.

She wanted to walk softly in that room that had belonged to Maris Randolph, and which would indelibly carry that dear possessor till its walls crumbled.

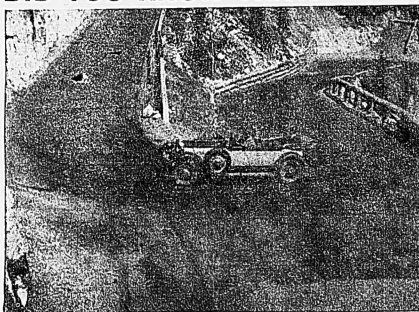
Something gripped her as she took the turn at the first landing of the stairs. Her lips froze and her slender body grew taut. She and Christopher had once stood by the shaft of the famous race horse, the week he had spent here. She had thrust her hand in the hollow at the base and said: "Ranny and I used this for our mailbox years ago."

(To Be Continued)

SAILORS SAVE CHURCH

St. Martin-at-Oak church, North St., was saved from complete destruction in a recent raid by two passing sailors, who fought the flames until overcome by fumes. Damage included all the windows—one by Zebad was 120 years old—and a good deal of tracery. Repairs will cost \$700. St. Benedict Gate, on the west side of the city, and an old posting house were swept away by a direct hit.

DID YOU KNOW THAT:



Associated Screen News Photo, Montreal. Plates courtesy Monetary Times, Toronto. A well-travelled motor road climbs up the wall of a 500-foot canyon in the Canadian Rockies? In a series of hairpin turns the famous Switchback of Yoho National Park reaches a greater height for its length than any other road in the Dominion. An Associated Screen "Did You Know That" movie short pictures the road.

Are Real Nuisance

So Called Wild Animals Bother Men At African Airports

Spain may have its Ferdinand and the Lion, but Africa has its Ferdinand the Bull. A fier knows. He met him. Major Thomas Dawson is thankful to be alive to tell this story. It seems that he'd just landed his plane at Sunday Africa, when a big lion dashed up and slugged him with his paw. A British officer called.

"Hit him back. He wants to play," Major Dawson hit him. But the lion came back like a playful dog, grabbed his arm in his mouth, apparently in a friendly gesture. Then he let go and scampered away. As a matter of fact, Major Dawson reports that so-called wild animals of all kinds are a nuisance around African airports.

They're a bother, he says, not because of their ferocity, but because of their tameness.

At one airport, a full-grown giraffe wandered all over the place. In many places deer are as tame as goats. And at one landing field they had to chase away a herd of elephants before they could land.

Dawson asked a British officer what would happen if the elephants decided not to shoot. The officer replied:

"We never have any trouble unless there are young with them. Then we just stay in the air until they decide to leave."

SMILE AWHILE

Teacher—What's a Grecian urn?
Jimmie—That all depends on what he does.

Conductor—You should wait until the car stops, madame.

Fair Passenger—That's all you know about it! I have an accident policy that hasn't paid me a cent yet.

London Walter—How did you find the steak, sir?

Shelter Diner—I just pushed aside my two peas and there it was.

"You know, Ethel, you've no idea how I worry when you're away." "Oh, you shouldn't do that. I always come back, don't I?"

"Yes, that's what I worry about."

"Your voice is decidedly raspy this morning," complained the colonel. "I know, sir," answered the lieutenant. "I've been out roughing it with a file of soldiers all morning."

"Charles is marrying again, I hear."

"So they say, and from all accounts his second wife will make rather a lively stepmother for the children."

"A sort of watch-your-stepmother, I suppose."

"Did you see how pleased Mrs. Smith looked when I told her that she did not look a day older than her daughter?" "I didn't notice. I was too busy watching the expression on her daughter's face!"

Pat finished work at the pit. When he put on his coat he noticed his mates laughing at him. Wondering what was wrong, he took it off again and saw a donkey's head chalked on it.

"Begorra," he exclaimed, "some smart lad has dried his face on my coat!"

Judge—And you call yourself a peace-loving man?

Defendant—I do, Your Honor.

Judge—Even after you slugged Casey on the jaw?

Defendant—Yes, Your Honor. I never saw Casey so peaceful as just after I hit him.



All-Bran Pecan Muffins Substitute For Dessert



So good are these tender-textured, nut-filled bran muffins that they take the place of sugar-consuming desserts, when served piping hot with fresh sweet butter and preserves. Try them some night when you're having a light supper and need something hearty to serve as a "filler-upper." Here's the recipe:

All-Bran Pecan Muffins
2 tablespoons shortening 1/4 cup milk
1/2 cup sugar 1/4 cup flour
1 egg 1/2 teaspoon salt
1 cup All-Bran 2 1/2 teaspoons baking powder

Cream shortening and sugar; add eggs and beat until creamy. Stir in All-Bran and milk; let soak until most of moisture is taken up. Sift flour with salt and baking powder; add with the nut meats, to first mixture, and stir until flour disappears. Fill greased muffin pans two-thirds full; bake in moderately hot oven (400 degrees F.) 30 minutes.

Yield: Eight muffins, 3 inches in diameter or 12 muffins 2 1/2 inches in diameter.

Tagging The Beast

The Terrors Of Hitler's Bloody Tortures Of The Most Horrible Kind

There is no crime against humanity too base to be committed by the "Beast of Berchtesgaden." His twisted soul seems to delight in tortures of the most horrible kind. Nothing like it has ever been known in modern times. Not even the massacres of innocent Armenians by the "Terrible Turk" approaches the terrors of Hitler's bloody pogroms. He has turned Europe into a shambles. He glories in his saturnalia of wholesale slaughter.

This is the demon in human form who aspires to rule the world. What he has done in Europe is a sample of what would happen in America, if he ever succeeded in conquering this hemisphere. His diabolical hatred would be vented upon countless thousands of innocent men and women.

The most depraved imagination cannot picture the tortures and torments we would have to suffer if Hitler wins this war.—San Francisco Argonaut.

Trumpeter For Royalty

Canadian Who Played For Their Majesties Dies In Toronto

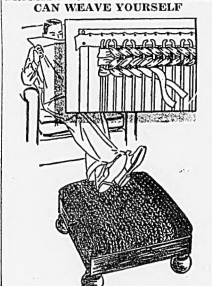
Alfred Stevens, 43, personal trumpeter for the King and Queen at their royal visit to Toronto, died at his Bonnie Blue Blvd., East York, home after a lengthy illness. He suffered a stroke while playing at the C.N.E. two years ago and has been in ill-health since.

Mr. Stevens travelled ahead of the royal train when their majesties visited Canada, and played fanfares with the Royal Canadian Artillery band at numerous places. In the fanfares he was featured as a soloist. In 1927 he played a solo for the Duke of Windsor, then the Prince of Wales, when he visited Toronto.

The undersize continental shelf that runs from Newfoundland to Florida slopes gradually to its edge and then drops off abruptly into 1,500 fathoms depth.

HOME SERVICE

BRIGHT FOOTSTOOL COVER YOU CAN WEAVE YOURSELF



Fun to Make on Simple Loom Ah, luxury! A gaily woven, sturdy footstool cover to give the man of the house a feeling of delicious comfort!

You weave it easily from strips of bright cloth in harmonizing colors—perhaps a flowered fabric for the centre and a darker for the borders. Fold strips to 1-inch width.

Four wooden slats nailed together, with strips of burlap tacked to the two longer sides, form the simple loom.

Up and down, through the burlap strips, you thread a weaving base (warp) of heavy twine. Then double a strip of the cloth (weft) the long way. Set fold against upper left warp thread, running one end of strip under twice and the other over it.

This double weaving gives an attractive braided effect. You bring the upper half under the second warp and the lower half up, crossing this latter half over the weft just used, all repeating places.

You'll find exact details of making this luxurious footstool cover in our 32-page booklet. Also tells how to weave charming evening bag, matching bracelet and belt, scarf, knitting bag, coasters, other novelties. Send 15c in coins for your copy of "How to Weave Useful Novelties" to Home Service Dept., Winnipeg News-Paper Union, 175 McDermott Ave. E., Winnipeg, Man. Be sure to write plainly your name, address, and name of booklet.

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ROBINSON
CARTAGE

SEEDTIME and HARVEST

By
Dr. K. W. Neath
Director, Agricultural Department
North-West Line Elevator Association
Seed Growers and Cereals

Twenty-eight varieties of wheat, oats, barley and flax are officially recommended in various parts of the prairie provinces. Eight of these are wheat, seven are oats, ten are barley and three are flax.

The production of rust resistant varieties of wheat and oats, smooth awed barleys and wild resistant flax varieties has done wonders in reducing the risks and hazards of cereal crop production. Six of the recommended varieties of wheat have been introduced within the last ten years. Two of the recommended oat varieties, six of barley, and all three flax varieties are similarly new.

For this achievement, plant breeders deserve all the credit they get, and more. But we are prone to forget an essential link between plant breeders and commercial producers, namely, the seed growers. Suppose we did not have the Canadian Seed Growers' Association and its provincial branches. Suppose, further, that the Dominion Government did not provide a field and seed inspection service through its Plant Production Division. Plant breeders could not develop new varieties and distribute them to farmers, but they would be working so fast, largely in vain, thinking that our commercial seed growers are providing an essential service in maintaining supplies of pedigreed seed and that they are doing a wonderful job for a very small material reward. If we are to maintain high standards of quality, this link between plant breeders and grain producers must not be weakened. Pedigreed seed pays good dividends, particularly to the commercial grain grower. Let seed producers and plant breeders pride in a job well done.

Britain Asks Friends to Stop Sending Gifts

LONDON, July 16 (CP)—In a letter to President Roosevelt, Prime Minister Churchill asked today that the flow of individual gifts and supplies from the United States to Britain be diminished to save shipping space for war materials.

To this end the foreign office announced that hereafter cargo space would be allocated only to direct consignments through the American Red Cross and women's voluntary services, and through the British War Relief Society to the Personal Service League.



from YOUR GROCERY, DRUG AND TOBACCO STORES—ALSO RESTAURANTS, BANKS AND POST OFFICES



YOUR SCRAP METAL URGENTLY NEEDED!

This New Method makes Scrap Metal Collection easy for you.

More scrap steel and iron is urgently needed for more ships, tanks, planes, guns and munitions. You are asked to do your part by turning in every available ounce of scrap metal from your farm.

In order to facilitate the systematic collection of scrap iron and steel in the three Prairie Provinces, the Wartime Salvage Limited, a Government Company, has completed arrangements with the following Western Canadian Elevators for collection and purchase of scrap iron and steel:

Alberta Wheat Pool.

Manitoba Pool Elevators Ltd.

Saskatchewan Pool Elevators.

United Grain Growers Limited.

North-West Line Elevator Association.

These Companies handle and purchase this material on behalf of the Government without cost to the Government, and without profit to themselves. Any monies received over and above the actual cost of handling will be donated to War Charities.

An Agent of one of the above named Elevator Companies has been appointed in your district as an official buyer on behalf of the Wartime Salvage Limited. The price to be paid by these Agents has been fixed by the Department of Munitions & Supply at \$7.00 per net ton at the elevator, for all forms of scrap iron and steel excluding: (a) Sheet tin of any kind; (b) Automobile bodies and fenders; (c) Stovepipes; and (d) Wooden attachments.

This price applies at any designated point in the Prairie Provinces.

Your contribution to the war effort and to war charities is simplified by this arrangement and it will be more effective inasmuch as you now can take your scrap metal to the Elevator designated in your district and obtain a receipt for it from the Agent.

Should you desire to donate your scrap to the war effort, then such receipt voucher can be ordered by you, payable to the Voluntary Salvage Committee in your community. The Voluntary Salvage Committee will use such money for war charitable purposes.

Your contribution of scrap iron and steel is urgently needed NOW. Dig out every available ounce of scrap on your farm and take it to the Elevator Agent nearest you without delay. Canadian war industry needs it badly.

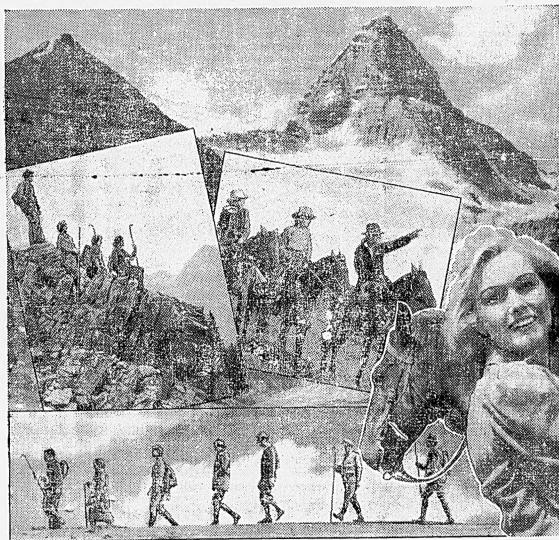
Issued under authority of:

Department of Munitions and Supply

Department of National War Services

Wartime Salvage Limited

Hikers and Riders Invade Eagle's Domain



There are many ways of enjoying the scenic wonders of the Rocky Mountains, but none more intimate or soul-satisfying than following the less-frequented trails and byways, on horseback or on foot, under the friendly guidance of two of Canada's leading alpine societies... the Sky Line Trail Hikers and the Trail Riders of the Canadian Rockies.

Both groups have set the date and planned colorful itineraries for their annual outings which this year will cover some of the Rockies' major scenic highlights in the vicinity of Banff, Alta. The Trail Riders will get out from Banff Springs Hotel July 24, and will enjoy five days in the saddle,

as well as the joys of camp life en route. Their main camp will be located at lovely Egypt Lake about half-way on the trail.

The Sky Line Trail Hikers, whose members rely on their own legs rather than horse-power, have their annual "safar" scheduled for July 31 to August 5. They too will start out from Banff, and armed with camera and alpenstock, will explore the district around Simpson Pass and nearby Sunshine Valley where their main camp will be located.

Founded by J. Murray Gibson, general publicity agent for the Canadian Pacific Railway, both organizations have world-wide

memberships, and continue to enroll new members every year. Each year they take to the trail, the Sky Line Hikers on foot, and the Trail Riders mounted on sure-footed mountain-bred horses.

The riders and hikers proceed leisurely, stopping at frequent intervals to fish for trout in the glacial waters of Rocky Mountain streams, "shoot" big game with their cameras, study interesting species of alpine flora, and marvel at the breath-taking panoramas. And when day is done, they gather around friendly campfires for hearty meals, sing-songs and later sleep in tee-pees or under the stars.

Urge Efficient Farm Labor

EDMONTON, July 18 (P) Efficient use of available farm labor is urged in a report received from the extension branch of the Alberta Department of Agriculture. The report was issued in connection with the prevailing shortage of farm help.

"The transfer of farm workers to the armed forces and to war industries makes necessary the most efficient use of remaining labor," the report said. "Repairing and servicing of machines on rainy days avoids breakdowns in the field. Good arrangements of fields, proper combination of machines and careful planning of work will tend to lower labor requirements."

"Three solutions are open to keep up the production of essential commodities: (1) to postpone non-productive jobs; (2) to do more work per hour; and (3) to work longer hours."

Winter Coal Can Be Bought Now On Credit

To help householders lay in their coal supply for the winter a credit plan to operate through the chartered banks has been devised by the Dominion government.

In this plan, effective immediately, the banks will advance from \$50 to \$250 to any one recommended as a satisfactory credit risk, so that present financial reasons will not retard them from purchasing coal at once. Coal bought under this credit plan must be delivered by August 31.

The plan is devised to enable customers to purchase their coal during the summer months, a thing they have been urgently advised to do.

MAY BE SHORT

Walter S. Campbell, Alberta price and supply representative of the Varieties Prices and Trade Board, has emphasized that there may be a serious shortage of coal during the winter months, owing to a shortage of labor and equipment, also to transportation difficulties.

The coal dealer can look after the ordinary customer now, it is pointed out by Mr. Campbell. Later, if the war effort requires it, dealers' stocks may be requisitioned by the government.

"Every detail is in order to help the consumer buy his coal supply now. It is his responsibility to save himself from the future hardship of a shortage of coal in this climate which would be during the winter months," said Mr. Campbell.

YOU CAN VISIT REGINA

FOR 1/2 A MILE

EXHIBITION

July 27 to August 1

1 1/2 mile to Regina in coaches from all stations in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta (Winnipeg, Wainwright, Vermilion, and East).

On Sale JULY 25 to AUG. 1

Where no train service on July 25, tickets will be sold on July 24.

Return Limit, Aug. 4

If no train service on August 4, tickets will be honored on first train thereafter.

Information from Any Agent

942-229

CANADIAN NATIONAL

Flax and Coarse Grains Production Needed as a War Measure

Farmers are urged by the Government to produce as much coarse grains and flaxseed as possible.

Coarse grains are required for the production of livestock and dairy products, and flaxseed is urgently needed for its oil content.

THE ALBERTA PACIFIC GRAIN COMPANY, LIMITED (15)

